

Chapter 55 Gamble With Her Baby

An hour had passed after breakfast.

Sabrina surmised that Cesar had risen from his slumber, and the pair ventured back to the ward.

Two new faces had appeared in the room. They were Tyrone's aunts.

In the corner, there were also several gift boxes, indicating that visitors had recently arrived.

"Ah, Tyrone and Sabrina join us."

"Good to see you, Aunt Claire, Aunt Phoebe," Sabrina and Tyrone greeted in response.

Cesar, it appeared, was still caught in his dreams.

"Why don't you sit next to Grandma, Sabrina?" suggested Tyrone, escorting her to a seat by the table and a pair of chairs in the center. He worried Sabrina's vision might not be as clear, so he led her to a couch next to Wanda.

"You two are just adorable together." Observing the scene, Claire smiled and joked.

Although she'd heard the rumors about Tyrone and Galilea, she didn't pay much heed.

Men were often like this. They wouldn't divorce their wives though they might have mistresses. ⓘ

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"Yes, indeed. Tyrone and Sabrina are truly a perfect match," Phoebe chimed in, offering a flattering grin. ②

Her family had to rely on the Blakely family. Upon learning of Cesar's illness, she wasted no time in rushing over, seizing the opportunity to visit Cesar, Wanda, and Tyrone.

Checking on her, Tyrone asked with a light smile, "How's Uncle doing? I heard he recently invested in a small factory."

Overjoyed, Phoebe quickly responded, "Yes, he's venturing into the luggage industry..."

Their conversation continued for a while, leaving Phoebe content.

However, soon, the conversation took a turn.

"Tyrone, you're almost thirty, right? And Sabrina is not young anymore. When can we expect a little one?" Phoebe inquired, shifting everyone's focus to Sabrina and Tyrone. ⓪

Claire chimed in, "She's right. It's about time you two considered starting a family. Sabrina is at an ideal age; she would bounce back quickly after giving birth." ⓪

Exchanging a glance, Sabrina instinctively placed her hand on her stomach.

She was already carrying a child, but she didn't dare reveal this to Tyrone.

Maintaining composure, Tyrone replied, "We haven't thought about having children yet."

Sabrina masked her hurt and nodded in agreement.

"I understand. Young people want to enjoy romance for a few more years."

Wanda reasoned, airing her dissatisfaction. "I've brought this up countless times, but they always postpone. I wonder how long this will go on!"

Neither Sabrina nor Tyrone uttered a word in response.

After a while, Phoebe rose to leave, and Wanda asked Tyrone

to attend to his work, implying he didn't need to stay in the ward the entire time.

Once they were out of earshot, Claire leaned closer to Sabrina and whispered, "Sabrina, I suggest you have a child with Tyrone soon. It could serve as a protective measure against any potential intruders. With a child, your place is secure, regardless of who Tyrone might be associating with."

"I appreciate your advice, Aunt Claire. I'll give it some thought," Sabrina responded, considering whether Tyrone would reconsider divorcing her if he learned about her pregnancy.

However, she dared not risk it.

The stakes were too high. She could lose her child.

After spending three days in the ICU, Cesar, following Lynch's examination, was transferred to a general ward.

During this period, Sabrina had been recuperating in the hospital, spending time with Cesar each day.

Her vision improved significantly, and she could see much better than before.

Wanda spent the majority of her time at the hospital alongside Cesar.

Cesar hated staying in the hospital and insisted on returning home as soon as he left the ICU.

It took numerous pleas from Lynch and others before he relented.

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"A few more days in the hospital won't hurt," Wanda reasoned,

peeling fruit by Cesar's bed.

Cesar murmured, "I dislike being in the hospital. I am well aware of my own health."

Just then, Tyrone entered, reassuring Cesar, "Grandpa, heed the doctor's advice. Stay here for a few more days. We just worry about you."

Cesar ceased his protests.

Tyrone glanced at Sabrina lounging on the sofa and presented a package on the table. "I happened to pass Maplefield Square and got you this."

Inside the package was a cupcake from Sabrina's favorite bakery.

With a radiant smile, Sabrina thanked Tyrone. "That's very kind of you."

She eagerly unwrapped the package and took a bite.

Seeing Sabrina's contentment, Tyrone cracked a smile. "No need to rush; enjoy." ☺

Sabrina looked up at him and asked, "Care to try some?"

Then she remembered that Tyrone didn't have much of a sweet tooth.

"Okay." Tyrone looked into her eyes, offering a faint nod of agreement.

Sabrina blinked in mild surprise. She picked up a piece with a fork and put it to his mouth.

Tyrone ate it.

Observing this intimate exchange, Wanda cracked a grin and joked, "Tyrone, didn't you bring something to us? Did you forget your grandparents?"

"Crazy kid. Not only forgets about us, but he also never had a sweet tooth, yet now..." Cesar's gaze flitted between the two, his smile laced with knowing.

A full-on grin spread across Wanda's face. "Tyrone loves his wife. Perhaps we'll be expecting a little one soon."

At their words, Sabrina's cheeks turned a rosy shade.

Ever since Cesar had been struck down by illness, Tyrone had remained by her side in the ward. They shared a bed, night and day, as though they had journeyed back to their simpler days.

There was no interference from Galilea, no divorce papers looming over their heads.

They were just a regular couple, steeped in harmony.

Tyrone couldn't help but smile at the blush on Sabrina's cheeks.

"Enough now. Look, Sabrina's blushing. She's always had a soft spot for sweets." Cesar's words were accompanied by a gentle smile.

A remedy for the sourness in her life, sweet food became her solace. Over time, it had evolved into a habit.

"Grandpa, stop teasing me."

After tasting the cake, Sabrina stood and discarded the wrapper.

As she stumbled, falling forward, Tyrone was there in an instant, steadying her with a firm grip on her waist. Their eyes locked. "Easy there."

Regaining her balance with the help of Tyrone's shoulder, Sabrina apologized, "I'm sorry. My sight got fuzzy for a moment."

Her vision hadn't fully recovered yet.

Tyrone guided her to sit on the couch, his concern evident. "Did you hurt yourself?"

"My knee hit the edge of the table."

Without a moment's hesitation, Tyrone knelt in front of the couch. "Which one?"

"The left."

Carefully lifting her dress, Tyrone found a bruise marring her previously unblemished knee.

When Tyrone tried to gently press the bruise, Sabrina stopped him. "Don't; it hurts."

Standing up, Tyrone looked at her. "Stay put. I'll fetch some ointment."

"It's nothing serious, really."

"No."

He quickly left the room.

Looking up, Sabrina found herself meeting the eyes of Cesar and Wanda, and she felt a pang of embarrassment.

Clearing her throat, Wanda said, "Our boy has learned to be

thoughtful. Sabrina, don't hesitate to ask him for anything."

With a flushed face, Sabrina gave a nod. "I understand."

Returning with ointment, Tyrone knelt before Sabrina again, cleaning the bruise gently with antiseptic, then applying a dab of ointment with a cotton swab. ②

Seeing the seriousness on his face, Sabrina's heart fluttered.

It was as if he was tending to a treasured object.

Once the ointment was applied, Tyrone carefully placed a small bandage over the wound, then lowered her dress. "All done."

"Sabrina, Tyrone, your grandpa and I will manage here. You can head home." Wanda said.

Cesar echoed, "That's right. You two can leave now. We have nursing staff here; all will be well.

You don't need to stay with me all the time. Sabrina, you've been cooped up in the hospital these days, it must be tiresome. Tyrone, take her out to dine or for a stroll." ①

"Grandpa, I'm okay."

"Sabrina, I appreciate your devotion, but don't forget to take care of yourself too."

Sabrina cast a glance at Tyrone.

Tyrone offered a slight nod. "Grandma, Grandpa, we'll head out now. If you need anything, don't hesitate to call me."

Waving his hand, Cesar assured, "Alright, understood. What could possibly go wrong while I'm in the hospital?"

"Let's go." Tyrone offered a hand to Sabrina.

Accepting his hand, she replied, "Let's go. Goodbye, Grandpa and Grandma. We'll visit again tomorrow."

The two of them exited the room, hands entwined.

Once outside, Sabrina slipped her hand from Tyrone's grasp, leaving a void he felt deeply.

His hand instinctively clenched before he asked, "What do you want to eat?"

"We could try the new restaurant on Kingford Avenue. I've heard their dishes are quite exquisite."

"Sounds good."

They headed to the car park. Sabrina took the passenger seat while Tyrone slid into the driver's side, heading to Kingford Avenue.

While they were on the way, Sabrina received a call from the police station.

